

MID-EASTERN

Manitoba





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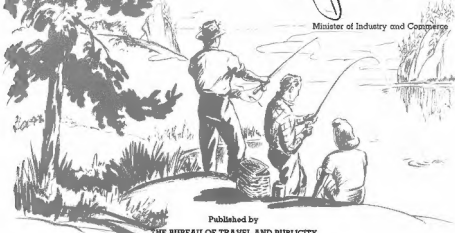

WELLS
FARGO

MID-EASTERN MANITOBA...

MID-EASTERN Manitoba embraces some of the most popular of all Manitoba holiday areas—popular not only among the residents of this province but with the hundreds of thousands of tourists who "come North" year after year. From the green prairie farm lands stretching south, to the country of rugged cliffs in the east—from the yet unknown lakeland of the north, to the vast inland sea of Lake Winnipeg to the west—this Mid-Eastern section of Manitoba forms an impressive empire of wealth and adventure.

Few areas on the North American continent feature such extravagant contrasts as the central and eastern districts of Manitoba. In his travels here, the visitor will find modern cities, fine architecture, vast farms, countless lakes and a pleasingly picturesque combination of rugged hills and rolling prairies. For the sportsman, the shopper, the sight seer, this territory offers a scope unequalled anywhere. This publication is but a small and incomplete preview of what awaits the traveller in Mid-Eastern Manitoba.

Why not come up and see for yourself?



J. M. S. D. M. S.

Minister of Industry and Commerce

Published by

THE BUREAU OF TRAVEL AND PUBLICITY
DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE

Legislative Building • Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Printed by G. E. Leech, Kings Printer for Manitoba.



A Welcome at Emerson . . .

75

.. THE RED RIVER HIGHWAY

Highway 75 is the continuation of U.S. highway 75—the famous pine to palms route of international fame. Here, in Manitoba, the last leg of the continent-spanning road delivers the traveller into the heart of adventurous Canada.

BEST known of all Manitoba ports of entry from the United States is the town of Emerson, situated on Highway 75. Internationally famous, this route carries the visitor through some of the most picturesque agricultural districts of southern Manitoba. In recent years much construction work has been done on this roadway in bringing it up to the highest standard on the whole continent of North America.

On entering Canada through Emerson, or any other port of entry, formalities are both brief and to the point, with courteous Canadian customs officers supplying information and help to the tourist.

From the open prairie town of Emerson, the traveller will cross the Canadian Red River just outside the town itself. This river was the main means of travel to the old pioneers who first farmed the famed and verdant Red River Valley.

To the impatient traveller, Winnipeg is only a quick drive from here—but to the tourist who likes to see the valley route on the way, the drive will offer much of interest.

Twelve miles from Emerson lies the town of Letellier, but a few years back a great meeting place of Indian hunters and warriors. There, forming a link with those days of past glory, a cairn has been erected over the 200 year old grave of the French explorer, La Jemeraye, the first white man to have died in Manitoba, and nephew and chief lieutenant of the great La Verandrye.

A few miles north is the quaint little French Canadian community of St. Jean. French is the language mostly spoken in this roadside settlement and the inhabitants can proudly trace back their ancestors to the first settlers on the whole continent.

French food is served at the restaurants and cafes and the visitor will have his first introduction to the quietly different life of the Canadian habitant.

From St. Jean to the next stop of Morris is but another seven miles—but the difference in towns will impress the stranger. Morris, a thriving agricultural centre, hums and bubbles with a dozen different languages. Far from being the frontier town it was, Morris has expanded and grown in serving the adjacent rich farm lands. Many old customs still prevail for all its modernity and the new arrival will not want to miss the Saturday night barn dance known for miles around—even to south of the border—as "The Dance."

Depending on the time of the year one travels, farms along the roadside will present ever varying scenes of agricultural activity. In early spring there is the sowing and the seeding. Later the fields turn green and later still, in the early fall, a golden glow predominates. For here is harvest time—with the great combines at work—the teams, the tractors, the trucks, and sweating men and glistening pitchforks, work with an awesome regularity bringing in the harvest which will find its eventual way to all

corners of the earth.

This is part of the territory which has been called the breadbasket of the world. Small wonder then, the fascination it holds for those who pass by at the time of harvesting.

St. Agathe, with its towering spire and convent, will attract the visitor's eye further along the route and a glimpse of the Red River can be had from the roadside. In this locality many sideroads lead along the river's bank through peaceful country, making a pleasant diversion from the modern streamlined living of today. Finally, just before the final stretch to Winnipeg, there is the historic village of St. Norbert, scene of one of Louis Riel's rebellious outbreaks against eastern rule in the early days. Its monastery of "Our Lady of the Prairies" with its hooded monks who still observe the vows of an organization founded more than one thousand years ago, make an unforgettable sight.

Then, as St. Norbert disappears from the rear view mirror, the out-croppings of Canada's fourth largest city are noted. First the market gardens, then the suburban homes, the roadside tourist cabins, and finally—Winnipeg. . . .

The Trappist Monastery, St. Norbert



RED RIVER TWINS



TO admirers of the superlative, there is a wealth of factual romance surrounding Manitoba's twin cities of the Red River—Winnipeg and St. Boniface. Crowding down to the banks, on opposite sides of the ancient waterway, the cities epitomize Canada itself. Far here on the west side is the English city of Winnipeg, harking back to the days of the early British fur traders sent out to carve a new empire for their king, while on the east bank stands the French city with its double-spired cathedral and monument to La Verandrye—that gallant gentleman of old New France.

Daily, traffic passes between the two cities and its peoples intermingle commercially and socially, adding the ingenuity of the two mighty Canadian races to their zeal in building a greater Canada.

Winnipeg is the largest city on Canada's massive horizon-levelling plains, while St. Boniface is the greatest French-speaking Canadian city in the Dominion outside of La Province de Quebec.

To the North American visitor the twin cities will strike a responsive chord, for here, out of rolling, rugged plains, has developed a great metropolis of farmers, industrialists and traders. Each city proudly retains its own personality—its own character, moulded by the past and fashioned for the future. Truly these two cities, each with its separate beliefs and proud characteristics, bind together inseparably the idea of mutual progress and form a smooth pattern—the pattern of Canada.



Winnipeg City



St. Boniface Cathedral



THE GOLDEN BOY'S FOOTSTOOL

MANITOBA'S fabulous golden boy who runs in the sky and ever faces the vast treasureland of the north has already become world famous. The golden boy who dwells above the province's capital has a past as stirring and romantic as that of the great west itself. With his torch raised high and sheaf of golden grain in his arm, this spirit of enterprise and eternal youth typifies the young and rugged country he surveys.

Fashioned in France, he was nearly a casualty of the first Great War when he travelled the battle-

ten seas of the world for two years. He was a problem. But like the proud people he symbolizes he emerged undaunted. This is but part of the story of the much fabled golden boy.

But what of the golden boy's footstool—the capital building of Manitoba? For this too has received recognition from the world over. Distinguished travelers have surveyed the keystone province's Legislative Building to state bluntly that no finer government building exists anywhere. And so, both building and Golden boy have a special place in the heart of every westerner.

Rising majestically from Manitoba's green earth, the building makes an unforgettable picture of solemnity, dignity and vitality. Embodied in this architectural wonder are figures and symbols adopted from the earliest days of man's civilization. From ancient Greece has come the figures, lighting and sculpture, from Egypt the Sphynx, from Babylon the lawgivers, from Rome the massive dome—all have been given their place of honour in the white-faced, serene structure.

Massive pillars, stately scroll work and symmetrical steps combine with heroic stone figures of Canada's heroes of bygone days.

Wolfe, conqueror of Canada, La Verendrye, explorer of the West, Selkirk, the colonizer, and Dufferin, Empire statesman who looked to the future and said "Manitoba is destined to be the keystone of a mighty arch of sister provinces stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Today his words have come true—and nowhere in the Dominion could be found such a vital and living monument to his pronouncement than Manitoba's proud Legislative building.

Inside the building, the massive simplicity of design still persists—the impressive grand staircase, the huge emblematic buffalo, Grecian sculpture, the gigantic mural commemorating the first World War, and the mystic black star and its pool of marble—all these things and a hundred more bring back Ruskin's words: "... these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them " See, this our fathers did for us ... "



The Grand Staircase



The Legislative Building



The Brokenhead River near Beausejour

THE ROAD TO POWER

BEAUSEJOUR! A greeting from a Manitoba town—a wish that the visitor may have a pleasant stay in this, the town of the same name on Manitoba's No. 1 highway—40 miles east of Winnipeg. Once a resting place on the overland route across Manitoba, Beausejour was so named by the French adventurers because it was such a fine camping spot. Even today this town is known as a good place to stop on the road, whether it be just for a meal at one of the restaurants on the broad main street, or to stay a while at one of the fine camps on the Brokenhead River. Around Beausejour, except to the east, stretches mile after mile of rich prairie farmland. A few miles to the east, the land rises to the rocky terrain of the Precambrian Shield, one of the oldest rock formations on the face of the earth.

Eighteen miles east of Beausejour, a short side road leads to Seven Sisters Falls—site of an enormous hydro-electric power development which will serve the people of Manitoba with 225,000 h.p. of electrical energy. It is but one of five enormous power plants in operation on the Winnipeg River. A new plant is being developed almost at the mouth of the river near the town of Pine Falls and will have two units in operation by 1952. Between Seven Sisters and Pine Falls, the water of the Winnipeg River flows over many falls and rapids and through many scenes of rugged beauty. Here the visitor will see a new plant in the making, a plant which will serve thousands of farms and homes throughout Manitoba with their greatest servant of all servants—electricity.

A few miles north of Seven Sisters, the Winnipeg River spreads wide and generous enough to create a natural airfield for the freighters of the north. From this wide stretch of river originates most of the air traffic to northern Manitoba, on floats in summer and skis in winter. The centre of these operations is Lac du Bonnet, a busy air-minded town whose name comes from an 'old Indian custom of crowning stones laid in a circle with wreaths of herbage and branches', probably a method of marking a portage or camping ground.

North of Lac du Bonnet, the river spreads out even wider to form a lake stretching back towards the east—to the hunting and fishing paradise of eastern Manitoba. Here, and on Lake George and Aikens Lake, new log buildings mark the spots

where sportsmen are guaranteed their limit—be it fish or game or just relaxation. At the northwest corner of Lac du Bonnet, the water spills over sprawling McArthur Falls, passes through yet another power plant at Great Falls and on over to one of Manitoba's most scenic spots—Silver Falls. For many years during the spring run-off, the river is jammed with logs—food for the huge pulp and paper mills at Pine Falls. In front of this mill, tall piles of logs destined for pulp stand like sentinels keeping watch over this majestic river that flows by on its way to Lake Winnipeg. In its travel through Manitoba, the water of the Winnipeg River generates 594,300 h.p. of hydro-electric energy. No. 11 highway—the road to Pine Falls and the Winnipeg River is indeed—"The Road to Power."

On the Winnipeg River





Surgeon Falls





QUALITY QUARRYING

ON the north side of the Trans-Canada highway at Garson and Tyndall, lie quarries of one of the most unusual and finest building stones in the province. This stone is being used for construction purposes as far east as Quebec and as far west as Vancouver. Great buildings throughout Canada have been built with this stone and it is the only stone of its kind known to geologists that has continuous dolomitic, which is the darker or mottled

parts of the stone. Research in 1910, proved that in wearing, crushing and the like, Tyndall stone from Manitoba had no superior and is one of the finest building stones anywhere in the world.

A magnificent dedication to this rock, the Legislative Buildings of Manitoba situated in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful and unimpressive examples of Tyndall work in western Canada.



Sunset in the Lakeand





WILDERNESS WONDERLAND

THE deep blue sky suddenly comes to life as a brightly coloured aircraft drops to the smooth surface of the tree-fringed lake. Pushing the waves to one side, it sprays to an anchorage on a small sandy beach against a backdrop of arrogantly new and glistening log cabins. Another day, the plane might descend to a waterland where only a few scattered tents mark man's invasion of this wilderness wonderland. For here in Eastern Manitoba are hundreds of lakes, Aikens, Sossiginagac, Manigatawgan, Family, Island, God's Lake and hundreds more than have never yet been named.

Through this country in the wintertime the trapper makes his rounds gathering furs. Some of the peace and quiet of the wilderness is shattered only by the careful footsteps of wild game, or the sounds of the adventure seeker fishing, canoeing and hunting. In the deep waters of some of these lakes, trout breed and grow to an enormous size, waiting for the cooler seasons in the spring or fall before coming to the surface to be a prey for the ardent angler. But in the streams which feed these lakes, fighting Manitoba pike and pickerel are found the year round.

Flowing from the rocky ledges of the Precambrian Shield down to Lake Winnipeg, hundreds of streams and rivers form an intricate maze of waterways. Each stream has its quiet pools, its narrow rushing stretches and its waterfalls, so numerous that most of them have never been given a name—or

even seen by the white man. In the turbulent waters below these falls, sport fish develop into the sort of catch which most anglers can only sit at home and dream about. All winter long when the ground is covered by snow and the streams are frozen over the fresh water still flows over these falls.

Along the larger and more important of these streams, trappers have worn a trail of portages and lift-overs which any ardent canoeist may follow. And canoeing is one of the ways into this sportsman's dreamland—upstream from Lake Winnipeg villages, Manigatawgan, Beren's River, Poplar Point where the Lake Winnipeg steamer makes its weekly calls. That is the slow but interesting way into this lake country. The fast way is the air way. Every day aircraft fly from the water base at Lac du Bonnet into this near north territory. They fly to Bissett and Wadhope, where the high towers of mine shafts stand like day-light beacons guiding the aircraft to neat little mining towns hewn out of the bush. They fly past the higher towers of the forest rangers scattered throughout this valuable timberland where the guardians of our forests keep their constant solitary vigil. They fly to isolated communities with medical or emergency supplies, or transport sportsmen to these new unexploited lakes to fish all summer and to hunt in the early winter. For this is the new land of lakes and streams, of fish and game, of adventure and relaxation. This is Manitoba's wilderness wonderland.



MID-EASTERN MANITOBA
Memories



THE CALL OF THE TOM TOMS

THERE was a stillness in the land of those days—a stillness that only lake and forest could know. But at times the eerie still was pierced and shattered by the rolling echoes of ceremonial tom-toms which travelled vast miles to carry the meeting call to the Indian brave. By canoe and by trail, by pairs and by hundreds, they travelled from their hunting grounds to the sacred spot on the shores of the Whiteshell River. There, on smooth granite outcroppings, strange stone mosaics of sacred meaning were laid out. There were snakes and porpoises and tribal marks, and it was around these stones the dancers wore their magic patterns to the rhythm of the drums. That was the Whiteshell of many years ago. The Whiteshell of today has had its tom-toms muffled by a hundred years and a million trees, but it still has the air of excitement—an excitement which stems from cool, crystal clear lakes, fighting fish, verdant forests filled with fragrant flowers and from the wild life which scurries today from the sound of the visiting automobile as they once scurried from the penetrating sound of the drums.

Where yesteryear there was but an Indian trail or a portage as the only routes to the ceremonial spot, today there is a modern road winding its way around the picturesque lakes through the heart of the forest, up over hills of granite and on into valleys thick with green richness.

From this main hard-surfaced road, gravel roads reach out to many parts of the Whiteshell, bringing the traveller deep into the Pre-Cambrian wilderness.

Past Brereton Lake with its many islands and panoramic sunsets, a road now stretches to the Winnipeg River and turns westward to link with Seven Sisters Falls and the highway to Lac du Bonnet and Pine Falls. Many impressive granite and evergreen bordered lakes are along the route.

Other side-roads link Falcon Lake and run around Caddy and West Hawk Lakes. Each year the roads and trails are extended to reveal a little more of the Whiteshell.

The Whiteshell is a vacation paradise close at hand. A breath of the north in southeastern Manitoba.



The Mosaics



Manroba Paradise





GREEN CLIFFS AND SPARKLING WATERS

FROM his solitary tower 60 feet above the granite shores of West Hawk Lake, the forest ranger commands an awe-inspiring, unrestricted view of cliffs, pines and sparkling waters. His view covers the southeast section of Manitoba's Whiteshell area—a natural, undisturbed parkland richly endowed with gifts of nature.

The West Hawk Lake tower is located near No. 1 highway, three miles from the provincial boundary. West Hawk Lake itself is a large body of crystal clear spring fed water with fine sand beaches, well treed camping grounds, and good cabin accommodation around its shore. The lake is well known for its bass and trout fishing but offers many other species of fish to the persistent angler. In some spots the shore slopes gently down to the water's edge while in others the granite cliffs rise to a height of 50 feet or more (straight up out of the

water). Reflected in the deep blue of the water, the pines seem to grow down into the depth as well as up to the sky.

To the south of West Hawk Lake down a winding side road lies Falcon Lake, known far and wide for its walleye and northern pike. This lake reaches out its long finger toward the boundary to the short portage connecting it with High Lake, which straddles the provincial borderland. This lake road continues west along the north shore of the lake to eventually link up with the old pioneer Dawson trail from the Lake of the Woods to the Red River. This trail has just been rebuilt and now runs through to Winnipeg once again.

To the west of West Hawk lake lies a small gem-like lake appropriately named Star Lake. And to the north lies the gateway to a canoeist's dream—Caddy Lake. Famous in its own right as

a fishing spot, Caddy Lake is even better known as the starting place for canoe routes which wander through miles of exciting virgin lakes with names like South Cross, Sailing, Mallard and Crow Duck—a route which passes along unique winding streams and crosses short interesting portages on its way north to the Winnipeg River. On this route, the Winnipeg River is like the junction of a main highway. The canoeist can go east to Kenora, northwest along the river and then back to Caddy Lake by a different route, or northwest along the river all the way to the great Lake Winnipeg.

All of these southern Lakes, West Hawk, Falcon Star, Caddy are located in game preserves. The animals seem to know that here is an area where man will protect them, for deer are common visitors in the camps and along the roads. Even along No. 1 highway as it winds its way around the lakes, animals are a common sight. But there are other sides equally as enjoyable along this road, such as the high rock cuts, trickling streams, the patches of enticing blueberries, or the famous Lily Pond. This is the Whiteshell—Manitoba's eastern adventureland. This is part of mid-eastern Manitoba where fish are caught by the lures of men and men are lured by the beauties of nature in a magnificent natural park.



A Whiteshell Stream

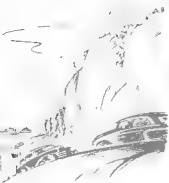


The Road to Adventure

Along the
HIGHWAYS



& BY-WAYS



THE WHITESHELL HATCHERIES

Oh the gallant fisher's life!

It is the best of any,

'Tis fun of pleasure, void of strife,

And 'tis beloved by many

Izaak Walton

GLEAMING white buildings set amid the towering granite cliffs and spruce trees of the Whiteshell Forest Reserve, 100 miles east of Winnipeg, just off the Trans-Continental Highway, house one of Manitoba's largest trout hatcheries - a veritable trout farm.

Established to improve sport fishing in the Province this Whiteshell Trout Hatchery supplies Manitoba lakes with viable young trout lively enough to tempt the most blasé fisherman's line. The season of this trout farm begins toward the end of September, during spawning season, and from the time that thousands of tiny eggs reach the hatchery until they are carried away as young trout, visitors are presented with a continually changing program of activities.

Eggs are collected from adult fish captured north of The Pas. The eggs are stripped from the female fish into a granite pan, and the sperm of the male fish spread over them.

These inseminated eggs are washed with fresh lake water about every twenty minutes, packed on shallow trays, stacked in cases, and covered with chopped ice, ready for safe shipment over long distances.

Lake trout eggs from The Pas district are shipped by rail and truck to the hatchery and on arrival are emptied into tubs of fresh water and thoroughly washed again, ready for the hatching trough through which clear lake water runs continuously.

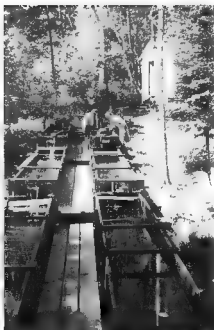
Nearly two million eggs are brought to the hatchery every year, and of these about a quarter usually prove to be dead or infertile and are picked off during the incubation period. Of the balance, approximately one-half will be used for exchanges with the United States, and the remainder is hatched and reared to the fingerling stage for transplanting in Manitoba lakes.



Trout Farm, Headquarters



Collecting Trout Spawns



The Hatching Tanks

Lake trout eggs are much in demand in the United States, as this species is not widely distributed south of the border except in the Great Lakes. The Province of Manitoba exchanges lake trout eggs for brook, speckled, rainbow and brown trout. These four varieties are reared at the hatchery. The exchanges are made with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, the States of Vermont, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Colorado, and the Province of Alberta.

Housing two million trout eggs in the hatchery is one thing—but providing space for the fish after they have hatched is very definitely another. A steady supply of cold water is essential, and as only six rearing tanks can be accommodated at the hatchery, another spring, about five miles away, has been developed to supply ten more tanks.

When the trout outgrow the tanks they are distributed to various lakes. Some rainbows have attained a length of over five inches before being distributed in the fall of the year. The Manitoba Government Air Service supplies aerial transportation at

this stage and twelve lakes in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve are annually seeded with young trout.

While the trout fingerlings reared at the hatchery are distributed chiefly in lakes fairly close to the hatchery, distributions have also been made in lakes far distant. Rainbow trout have been carried back to Clearwater Lake in a special live fish carrying tank, and lake trout fingerlings have been moved to East Blue Lake, with brown trout fingerlings to West Blue Lake in the Duck Mountains.

Lake trout are not naturally found in any of the lakes in western Manitoba, but since their introduction in Clear Lake and East Blue Lake, their growth has been spectacular.

Most noticeable results of this project for stocking Manitoba waters have been the marked improvement in lake trout fishing in West Hawk Lake, the establishing of lake trout in East Blue Lake, of brown trout in Telford Pond, and the recording of rainbow trout taken by anglers in Clearwater Lake. The Whiteshell trout farm is doing its part for that favoured man — the angler.



THE UNKNOWN SEA

IT harbours the home of the mythological Norse gods. It is famed in Indian legends. It has served as the pathway of the early pioneers—and supports fishermen and a great trapping industry. At times it is as turbulent as the Atlantic, yet at others it smiles benignly and plays gently with the toddlers on its sandy beaches. All these things are the lake—one of the greatest among North America's large, fresh water lakes. It is Manitoba's Lake Winnipeg.

Least known of all the great continental bodies of water, Lake Winnipeg has a past as intriguing as the wild northwest itself. For on its generous body the early settlers came down from Manitoba's ocean sea port on the Hudson's Bay, in the early days of Canada's first birth pangs. Even before that time the lake had been supporting Indians with its food and offering itself as a roadway for the trappers to take their catches to the great fur trading companies established throughout the rich territory which was to become Manitoba—the keystone in the great arch of Canadian provinces.

Today it is a lake with a future. It supports rich farming communities, a great fishing industry, and still continues to serve the trapper, the miner, the prospector and the Indian of the north. And not least, its soft cool waters play host to thousands and thousands of holidaymakers every year — a veritable inland seaside.

This vast unknown sea covers nearly 10,000 square miles and is fed by scores of rivers and streams—the descendant of the once massive inland sea, Agassiz, which existed and covered 110 square miles thousands of years ago.

No one can tell the complete story of Lake Winnipeg for it is not one story alone but a hundred or more.

There are the stories brought back by tourists who make a trip around the lake during the happy summer months. They describe it as "the last piece of God's world—still untouched." They tell of the St. Andrews Locks on the Red River—the gateway to the lake. They tell of how the turbulent rapids of the old St. Andrews settlement were tamed by a

great modern engineering feat to control the angry waters and allow the passage of lake-going boats. And how the great Trans-Canada Highway rides high above the damway—and of the old fort, ancient St. Andrews Church, and the busy settlement of Selkirk, and the inland harbour.

They tell of the trappers going north on the lake, of red coated mounties, of the hopeful prospectors, the fishermen, the engineers and other tourists who come from all over the world to see and learn something of this great inland seaway.

They come back with tales about the picturesque farms of many nationalities, banking down to the river, and how suddenly they found themselves free in this the ninth largest of all the world's great lakes. "Like an ocean", they say, for the horizon is only broken by small rugged islands used at times by the Nordic and Indian fishermen who take their living from the sea.

One of the favourite stopover places on the lake is famed Norway House—a small settlement, but an important one to the north. Norway House—a romantic name situated on the Nelson River in the northern area of this northern lake.

From Warren Landing to Rossville, the Nelson River is always alive with the noises of the north, the roaring of aircraft, the throbbing of heavy boats, the hum of outboard motors and the quiet dipping of paddles, for at Norway House the mighty Nelson River is Main Street North. Carrying a cargo of food and clothing, gas and oil, boats and canoes, papers and mail, and a passenger list of Indians, trappers, policemen, government officials and visitors, the Lake Winnipeg steamer pulls in at Warren Landing at the end of navigable waters on Lake Winnipeg. There, amid shouts of dock hands in Cree, French, English, or a mixture of all, the cargoes are unloaded to smaller boats for the trip up the river to the Hudson's Bay Post. These cargoes will fill the shelves of the post ready for the shoppers, some of whom will travel up to 400 miles for their supplies.

Before reaching the post, the boat might unload supplies at the inn, the transient and tourist hub of the north. Boats and canoes of all shapes and sizes are tied to its dock along with aircraft waiting to fly into the interior with their passengers or freight or awaiting a call to make another merciful flight. Further up the river the cargo boat stops at the Hudson's Bay Norway House Post, one of Manitoba's oldest landmarks. Some of the buildings of this post date back to 1842, and the old ship's bell on top of the gate still rings out a greeting to all arriving boats. The factor at this post will be busy getting his supplies ready for the influx of shoppers which follows the arrival of every boat. Bolts of bright cloth for the women, rubbers for the Indians to wear over their moccasins, candy for the children and good strong tobacco for the men. These are the goods which fill the shelves of the trading post. Across the river from the post a tent village will suddenly spring up as the Indians come to the river to do their trading. Large freight canoes, along with smaller passenger boats, line the river bank and in the evening the men sit around their campfires swapping stories and resting for the long trek back with loaded canoes. In the morning, six or seven canoes are tied together in a train to be pulled by one small motorboat on the lead canoe. Heavily laden with supplies, each has a rudderman to keep it in line.



St. Andrews Locks



Gateway to the lake



Norway House

Then they start their long trip north, involving days of travel, unnumbered portages and long nights in the open—up Main Street.

A couple of miles from the post, the canoe train passes Forestry Island, the residence of the Forest Ranger. The island is the centre of fire fighting activities for the north and also the local air base for the Government Air Service, with its bright red and yellow aircraft standing by ready to fly fire fighters into the interior. Across the river from Forestry Island, the white hospital building stands out in the centre of the community of Rossville. Beside the hospital is a mission and a school and not far away the residence of the local Indian agent. Past Rossville the canoes head into the wilderness. The freighters are on their way to another regular trip with supplies for the north. As the long summer evening passes, traffic on the river decreases and the powerful quiet of the north descends on the area, but with the dawn another day will come and once again the river will come to life and traffic will flow as it does on every main street across the land. Far of Norway House, the Nelson River is—Main Street North.

These are but a few of the stories the tourists bring back. There are others—about the island of Hecla of the Black River, of Grand Rapids, Sturgeon Bay and Berens River, romantic Indian country of the north.

There is Gimli—named by the heroic Icelandic pioneers after the home of their Norse gods. Home of the Gods—Paradise they named it. Yet in those early days in the 1870's it brought heartache and hard work to the handful of settlers from across land and sea. It brought hard lessons which were learned well by those determined men of the north as they hacked their homes out of the solid bush.

Today Gimli is a thriving industrial and resort town of more than 1,000 people. Fishing and farming, boat building and beef raising—these people have contributed much to the province which has adapted them as its own. Then too, these Icelandic Canadians have contributed to the arts in poetry and song. There is a story of success in the face of odds, a tale of bush and forest, blizzards and storm-tossed, greedy, turbulent waters, of human spirit—a true story of North American pioneerism which makes the blood tingle with pride.

But then, there are other stories. There are stories of the lake, whose broad placid expanse caresses the canoes and yachts and whose waves dwindle to little bubbles in the face of children's gay laughter. This is the lake which is loved by all—when she is gracious and plays hostess to thousands of holidaymakers at holiday time.

Innumerable beaches and sandy coves hem-stitch the southern skirt of the lake—around which have been built up happy resorts in appeal to every type of holiday maker. There is Winnipeg Beach—a thriving, bustling, Coney Island resort, its fine sandy beaches rising to the favourite seaside piece of equipment—the boardwalk. Fun houses, roller coaster, merry-go-round and a dozen "try-your-luck-master" booths stretch along, adding its own admixture of tantalizing sounds to the shouts of children and the rumbling voice of the lake. A few score miles to the east lies Grand Beach—another stretch of beautiful fine sand bordering the horizonless



Northern Rapids



Fisherman's Town—Gimli



Young Viking

inland sea. A favourite among local people and visitors as well, Grand Beach is one of the province's summertime vacation meccas.

North from Grand Beach, situated on a once lonely point jutting out into the heart of the lower section of the zone, lies Victoria Beach, famed for its fine grain light sand. Now a tidy settlement of summer homes and shady beaches, Victoria is becoming more and more popular as a good all-

round summer resort.

These are but a few of the resort areas bordering the southern fringe of this benign area—there are others—others with fascinating names: Matlock, Sans Souci, Panamah, Whyteford, Sandy Hook and many more sandy beached resorts fashioned by nature and served by this vast unknown sea of Lake Winnipeg to make everything the holiday-maker desires.

Lake Winnipeg Beach





MID-EASTERN MANITOBA

This land of lakes and sunshine is only a few hours' journey from the Canadian-U.S. border. The mid-eastern section of this province is one of North America's prime holiday spots for every type of vacationer.

For further information on Manitoba, write

The Bureau of Travel and Publicity
Legislative Building, Winnipeg





